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MARCH 19, 1879.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

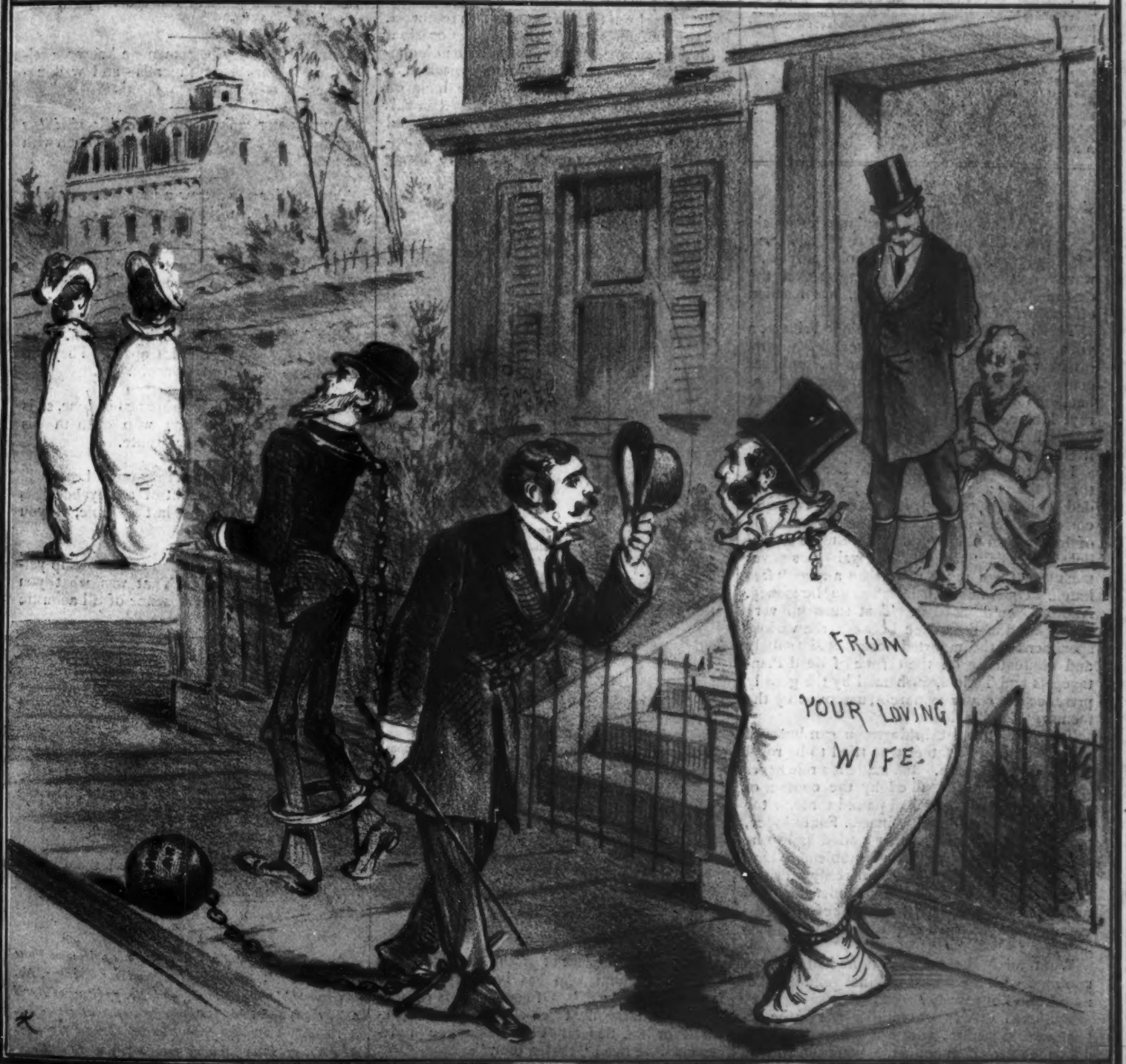


Puck

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NEW YORK
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OFFICE No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

HEROIC TREATMENT TO CURE THE WALKING MANIA.

PAVER, HERKEL & OTHMAN, LITHO. 23-25 WATSON ST. N.Y.

PUCK.

No. 13 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

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 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN.
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK is on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 440, Strand, Charing Cross, and at THE WILLMER & ROGERS NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, and in Paris on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp impressed thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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ROYLTY.

ROYALTY had its little splurge last week. Mrs. Guelph, the highly respectable and peculiarly parsimonious old lady who waves an impotent but showy sceptre over the destinies of the British populace, has married off another of her family.

This is Arthur, one of the minor Princes, a young gentleman who has occupied several ornamental positions in the army, and has generally led a life sufficiently useless and imbecile to keep up the traditions of his trooly royl House, which has never done anything more than live free of charge and perpetuate itself.

In fact it is very doubtful whether the ancestors of the young man who has just been wedded with a blare of trumpets and newspaper correspondents, have at any time been capable of looking on their position in a more serious light than as a "fat thing." Royalty has never meant to them much more than a huge "free lunch." One would squander the public money. Another would hoard it. That sums up very nearly all the difference between the various specimens of the imported stock that sits calmly and contentedly on the throne of dead Plantagenets and Tudors, unshamed by the ghostly presence of greater monarchs, unmoved by the memory of noble deeds.

True, the present bridegroom can boast of the possession of a father who tried to be royal after his own fashion. He made it a rule never to touch any article sullied by the contact of plebeian flesh, until it had passed through the purifying medium of noble fingers. For instance, the gun that his game-keeper loaded had to be handed to the late Albert by a nobleman kept for the purpose. And yet he was only a Prince Consort, poor Papa Albert—a mere marital functionary whose duty it was to keep the divine fire of Brunswick alight upon the English altar.

What might he not have done had he been anointed with the sacred original genuine take-no-other oil of royalty?

But even this sweet reminiscence of the paternal pride cannot throw a shade of royalty about the very commonplace young man who

has just married the Princess Margaret of Prussia. And he can not go in for that sort of thing himself, since the wholesome lash of the master-satirist sent a thrill of shame through the dull circulation of the British body social; and taught the world that a King might be, and sometimes is, a Snob.

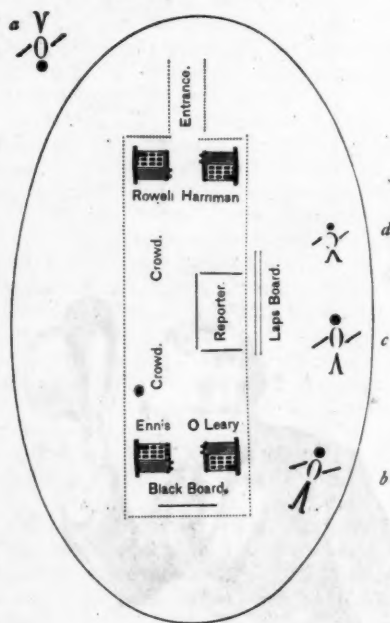
Still, we gush over the young man and his marriage in newspaper extras and cable reports and knowing editorials, as if the event actually had some social importance or political significance.

Gush over this triviality—and dismiss with a casual paragraph the vast and active discontent of overworked and underfed labor throughout Great Britain—a discontent not wholly allayed by the condescension of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, who occasionally humbles herself to read tracts to the Windsor working-man.

THAT WALKING MATCH.

OUR artist having positively refused to draw any more pedestrian pictures, the literary staff of PUCK has been thrown upon its own resources. But the staff feels itself equal to the occasion. With the assistance of a brilliant German humorist, it has produced the following diagram of the track, as it appeared at a late hour on Saturday. The realistic art displayed in this effort will be readily appreciated by all, and contemplation of such a typographical chef-d'œuvre may prove some solace to losing betters.

MADISON AVENUE.



FOURTH AVENUE.

- a. O'Leary—[Retired].
 b. Harriman—[Special attention called to fidelity with which legs are reproduced].
 c. Ennis—[Observe fresh appearance and clear complexion].
 d. Blarsted Briton—[Beastly baw, ye know].

"BEACONSFIELD never smokes." Then he can never experience the peculiarly ecstatic sensation that steals over a man, when, not noticing that his cigar has dropped from the holder, he gives a vigorous pull, and sucks in a week's accumulation of nicotine.

THE latest recipient of gratuitous advertising is Bianca Bianchi, who has been styled "the Baden Nightingale." Of course she is coming to this country next season—but we are prepared for her. Several of her immediate predecessors have been "Baden œuf."

Puckerings.

ANN DORGAN is out.

DID pianissimo, hey?

DID the cowcatcher?

O'LEARY did come out first, anyway.

IN everybody's mouth—Buttercup pie.

A SOUR mash—Flirting with an old maid.

Is a brace of titled prodigals a pair of Sir spenders?

MOTTO of D. L. & W. R. R. Sloan sure—not to get there.

THE snake is not much of a beauty, yet he always travels on his shape.

SOME men read a very funny thing with an inward chuckle—others indulge in jesticklation.

SOME of the very best men we know we seldom meet except at funerals—and walking-matches.

EQUIVALENT aphorisms—"Similia similibus curantur," and "Off with the old love, on with the new."

THE soldier may draw a useful lesson from the old carpet, which shows its colors the plainer the more it is beaten.

WHY is a corner peanut seller like an apothecary? Give it up so soon? Why because he does business on a small scale.

THE birthplaces of Lincoln and Jeff. Davis are only one hundred miles apart. They will never be so near together again.

As a sheep before his shearers is done, so is the provincial gentleman who openeth his pocket-book to Triplicate Monte.

THOSE who bet their money on O'Leary will tell you that the "height of annoyance" is forfeit. Accent on the last syllable, if you please.

SPRING is coming—A man saw a cowslip yesterday.—State Register. That was what you might have called an absence of all acoustic properties.

THE man who can balance himself on a chair and draw on underclothing, trousers, stockings and shoes, without coming in contact with the wet floor of the bath-room, is qualified for the position of tight-rope walker in a circus.

THERE are simple remedies for some of the most gigantic evils that oppress mankind. Frinstance [N. Y. World], if we would allow the string that connects a pair of slippers when they are purchased, to remain uncut, we could sling them over the gas bracket every night, and know exactly where to find them in the morning.

Notice.

No. 9 (issue of May 7th, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 4th, 1877), No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877), No. 56 (issue of April 3rd 1878), and No. 57 (issue of April 10th, 1878) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at 25 Cents per copy. Also No. 47 (issue January 30th, 1878), at 10 cents.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

LXXX.

WALKING MATCH.



Ya-as aw, I cahn't wite about anything else but the extwa-ordinarwy walking-match which was ovah last Saturday. I don't see how it could verwy well be called a match when an Englishman was in it. I warely, ye know, take any in-

terwest in pedestwianism, as a wule; but a fellow must know of the wage for walking wound and wound when everwybody, wight and left and in other diwections, is weferwing to it.

The walking took place in Sedgemoor's Gardens, a aw shed that is used faw varwious purposes, and which I have descwibed befaw.

Sometimes this aw shed is a church; at othah times a ball-woom; then a Sunday-school, or something of that sort, or a circus, or a place where a pwcachah fellow can pweach to a considerable pwoportion of the population of New York at the same time.

I knew verwy well that if my fwiend Astley sent a fellow ovah to Amerwica to walk it would be all wight. And even if he had come he-ah simply to gwatify his own aw taste the result would be pwcicely the same. Charlie Wowell is this walker, or wathah wunnah's name.

Miss Marguerwite expressed a wish to see the pedestwians; and, as I found that Thornton (our Minister, ye know), his girls and his aw wife were going, I thought I'd just join the party, as they have weally so frequently bawed me with pweessing invitations. Ye see, Jack and I are always fwightfully in wequest.

I called faw them with Miss Marguerwite at the Clarwendon Hotel, and we all stwelled towards Sedgemoor's Gardens and saw the walk-ahs.

Wowell, as a matter of course, was winning. The othah fellows were doing tolerwably well, considering they were not Englishmen, although one Irwishman who had a belt had to wetire.

Thornton, Jack and I paid a visit to Wowell's sentwy-box, and Miss Marguerwite and the girls sent him some aw pwetty flowers—just to encourage him, ye know. Don't think they were aw necessarwy for that purpose.

I would make maw wemarks about this affair, but it is such a verwy hollow walk-ovah faw Wowell that I don't think it's weally worth while aw.

A DEVILISH "FISHY" WAY.

IF an ex-convict fresh from Sing-Sing, who had shown no signs of conversion, should appear in the slums of this city, and with lifted voice should exhort the denizens of those slums, the impression would stamp itself upon the public heart that a new era of crime was imminent.

And if Mr. Henry Ward Beecher were to advertise a lecture on the VIIth Commandment, "for ladies only," as some of our female doctresses announce their discourses, it is probable that the thoroughfares leading to the Plymouth Circus would be crowded with angry husbands, prepared, with clubs, to lead their wives away from temptation.

We say the blind should not lead the blind.

Ceteris paribus, is it right for a great sinner to preach the gospel to little sinners, and rebuke them for sins of which the stain is indelibly imprinted on his own soul, and of which his hearers have hardly any conception?

Our attention has been called to this matter by a reference to a volume published in this city, A.D. 1879, entitled, quite irreverently, we think, "The Pocket-Key to Heaven."

In this work are a series of reflections for a person about to confess. Therein we read that the person seeking absolution should ascertain if he had "run into debts, *carelessly*, beyond his power;" "if he has not paid his debts;" "if he has not fulfilled his promises;" "if he has kept that which ought to be restored."

These hints at self-examination are to be found in the Latch-key to Heaven under the head of the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Under this head, Mr. J. B. Purcell, of Cincinnati, yclept archbishop, has probably preached hundreds of scathing sermons to the shivering faithful during the last dozen years.

Yet during that period Mr. Purcell has gobbled up about \$3,500,000 or more.

And he has the sympathy of the public.

He is "venerable." He didn't use the money for himself; he hies himself away from his creditors and seeks that seclusion that a convent grants; while his defrauded creditors roam the streets of Cincinnati in search of work,—or, in default of that, of broken victuals.

We say *defrauded* creditors. PUCK is not afraid to tell the truth. He is not malicious, but he is honest. He has "charity for all"—especially the wronged.

And is he to forget the wrecked homes of the Diocese of Cincinnati to print dreary platitudes about an old man who never knew the sting of poverty? Not much.

Whatever your opinion of the Catholic Church may be, you know that its high dignitaries have ever been men of large mental capacity, great learning and executive talent. This goes without saying. The history of the world proves it. Mr. Purcell is no exception to the rule which has governed the Church of Rome since Popes governed their agents, all over the world, with a rod of iron. Mr. Purcell is a highly cultivated gentleman, who has been able to change a howling wilderness of Protestants into a blooming garden of Catholics; he built the finest Cathedral in the West; he planted the State of Ohio with Catholic Institutions, and yet we are told that when he found he was a defaulter to the trusting faithful to the amount of several millions, he was quite sad.

So sad that he couldn't face the music.

He sought the shelter that a Convent grants, and is being dry-nursed by the Sisters of Charity, Nuns, etc.

When Wall street trustees do what Mr. Purcell does, we arrest them, try them before a jury, and if they escape conviction, through the loopholes of the law, we howl in all our newspapers.

But we don't howl at Mr. Purcell.

For him we have only sympathy.

It seems to PUCK that Mr. Archbishop Purcell should be investigated like any other defaulter. He is better qualified in his education to discover the differences between *meum* and *tuum* than most of our defaulters. And he ought to be brought to an accounting.

The honest, laboring, self-sacrificing Catholic people all over the land are giving of their scanty means more than they are able, to support the "church." Wherever you see a magnificent Cathedral you will be sure to see, also, a neighborhood of scantily furnished homes.

And yet these exhausted parishes and dioceses are asked to contribute to save Mr. Purcell from the misdeeds which his criminal neglect has brought upon his people.

We protest against it. We ask for a legal examination into Mr. Purcell's financial ways.

And we think this idea of draining the rest of the country for Mr. Purcell, is, to put it mildly, "devilish fishy."

NEXT PADDY'S DAY PARADE.

THE city of New York is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Here we have Americans, Germans, French, Dutch, Spanish, Cubans, South Americans, Italians, Monkeys, Swedes and Norwegians, Russians, Turks, Japanese, Hop-Sing Chinamen, and some Irish.

All but one of these races are content to earn their living; get rich, if they can, and enjoy themselves individually. The one exception claims the right to celebrate on this American soil the rows and ructions which have or should have been effete for centuries, and in which the people of this country can have no interest.

These are the Irish people, who come from their dens in hordes and perambulate the business thoroughfares of the city, to the exclusion of the men who do business thereon, on the 17th of March.

If every race that helps to make up the population of this city were to make an equal demand to that of our Irish fellow-citizens, business would be paralyzed for many days in the year.

It is not alone that Pat, with his Longshoreman's banners, occupies the entire of the roadway, but Biddy and Kathleen, and all their brood, fill the sidewalks. In the interests of the commercial success of the metropolis the Mayor should stop this; or the Board of Aldermen should stop this, or the Police authorities should stop this. But above all, the Hatters should stop it. We think these men are responsible for the Patrick's-Day Parades. Just look at it.

On last Monday you saw your Irish Procession. Did you ever see such Hats? No sane man would ever buy for money such a hat, unless he had inducements—were bribed, so to speak. And, certainly, no man would wear such a hat, unless he had great gain to win thereby.

So, therefore, we believe that the Board of Police must have "chipped in" with the Hatters, and have allowed the Irishmen to usurp the business-places of our American metropolis, provided they take all the old stock off the hands of the Hatters. And wear it.

And here we must suggest that it would be cheaper for Broadway merchants to buy up all the old hats, make a bonfire of them, "chip in" with the Hatter, and let Pat and Mick and Barney take their hod and pick and earn their wages on March 17, as they do on other days.

But if this be impossible in the queer political combinations with which our city is afflicted, wouldn't it be well for the powers-that-be to start the Pat's Procession in March next over the "L" railways. They would be out of the way, they could rush around in an hour, they would not interfere with business, and the drunken celebrators would probably be picked up by Coroners. This would be good all around.

If PUCK's suggestion is not at once accepted by our Irish fellow-citizens, we submit it to the careful consideration of such of our fellow-citizens who are not Irish.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.



Awful Eruption!

[See next page.]

MABEL MAY.

I'VE a cousin, Mabel May,
Who is young, and, I may say,
A brunette;
But I grieve that I must add,
For I think it very sad,
A coquette!

Though she's seventeen at most,
She's of winning wiles a host,
And she's pat
In an ogle or a pout;
But my trouble is about
Worse than that.

In the library one morn
I was sitting, tired and worn,
Hid away,
When, with laughing song, there came
To the open window-frame
Mabel May!

Stepping in, her singing ceased,
Though she saw me not, I'm pleased,
In my nest;
For she drew a little case
From its happy hiding-place
In her breast.

And she opened it, and took
Such a tender, loving look
At the face
That I knew must be within;
(I had hoped that I might win
In that race!)

And her cheek flushed at the sight,
As she held it in her white
Finger-tips;
Then, with tender looks of love,
Did she put it—gods above!—
To her lips!

O'er her shoulders fair I spied—
For I would know, if I died—
Who it was;
And I saw!—the wicked elf
Wasted kisses on herself,
In her glass!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE.

THE LAST OF THE C.B.'S.

(By the author of "Aliunde, or Love Ventures.")

HISTORY has made a fine picture of Boabdil, last of the Moorish kings, as he reined up his steed on the height of Padul, and gazed afar through his tears to the red towers of the lost Alhambra, while the fourteen gates of beautiful Granada flew open to

CAUSE AND EFFECT.



"Thought there was something behind it!"

Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, the year the first carpet-bagger came to America—*Allah Akbar!*

Now the attention of History (with a big H) is respectfully called to something similar. The hand of the clock in the Senate Chamber slowly approached the hour of twelve. In a few minutes it would be high noon, and the day was the 4th of March, 1879. The hall that had not echoed to the eloquence of Clay, Calhoun, Webster and Benton—for that echoing was all done in the old chamber now used as a Supreme Court room—was pervaded by a visible thrill of vivid expectancy. The galleries were thronged with gay ladies who could not repress their excitement. Crowds of eager men marched and countermarched in the corridors, striving in vain to get a glimpse of the interior. The doors were guarded by well-paid door-keepers. Heralds and herald hirelings from other cities marshaled the correspondents in their best spring clothes. Senators from thirty-eight mighty States (no territories admitted to the Senate) were grouped about, and many raised their voices in high debate. Here many a great man of the past had spoken wisdom. Here Chandler had roused the British lion from his downy lair with a courage that made his fame in the brave days of old when the bold Romans held the bridge and stars were in the quiet sky along their serried ranks. Here Blaine, regardless of Mulligan and his letters, had thundered of the wrongs of sable citizens snoozing in the Southern cotton-fields, and voted to keep out the soft, almond-eyed Celestials of the tea and flowery kindom. Here General Bill McGarrahan and Brigadier Donn Piatt had met and dabbled in gore. In fact, here a great many grand, heroic deeds had been done in the past. [Referred to the Committee on History, with leave to print.] And now here sat the last of their race in seats that would soon know them no more forever—the last of the carpet-baggers—*Allah Akbar!*

What cared Patterson, Spencer, Dorsey and Conover for the glories of the past while their hearses were waiting out on Capitol Hill to take them to the Congressional cemetery? [This is a figure of speech, for this occasion only, allowed by the muse of History.] What was Hecuba to them or they to Hecuba? Nothing. They did not know Hecuba from an old returning board. It was a sad scene. Many used their handkerchiefs and pocketed their tears as souvenirs. Each of the noble statesmen sat in his seat, with a neat new carpet-bag just on the top of his desk strapped and ready for the solemn occasion. Not a strap stirred. The United States Senate has witnessed many a grand histrionic picture, but none equal to this. The Oldest Inhabitants' Association had been nothing like it. These noble men who had sacrificed so much in leaving their homes of oriental opulence in the cool North to go down to the yellow-fever-ridden and miasmatic regions of the sunny South in order to organize State governments, had now to feel the sting of that ingratitude which is sharper than any respectable serpent's best front-tooth. Is it necessary to say that republics are ungrateful? See Greece and Rome and San Marino and Bolivia. Not a page now stirred to do them reverence. Not a fat door keeper (at \$14.40 per annum) now rushed forward to open a door for them. Fallen was the fungus greatness, and the gilded doors of the Senate had to be opened by their own hands. What a commentary on all human grandeur. The paths of glory lead but to the grave. A dead politician is the most useless of bipeds. You can't even sell him to a medical college—unless in mid-winter. *Dominus vobiscum.*

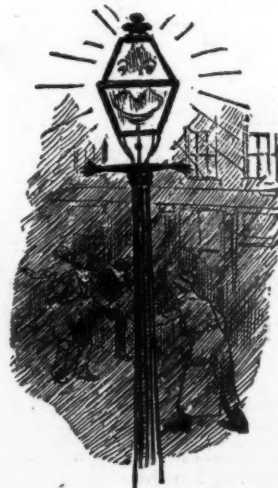
Five minutes more; four minutes more; three, two, one. Their hour was about to strike. The hand upon the wall, on which all

eyes were fixed, pointed them to the door of exit. Just then the grand high custodian of the Senatorial clock (salary \$2,592 per annum) moved forward, and in a voice of deep emotion (few heard him) murmured, "Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight," and with his wand of office, which some might irreverently term a cane, turned back the hand five minutes. Was it right—was it constitutional—was it just? By it the Republican Senate cheated the Democrats out of five minutes of public time!—their last official act! [Referred to Posterity, with leave to report at any time.]

As the back-turned hand of time again slowly sought the larger of the Roman numerals on the calm, cold face of the clock indicating that period of the day termed noon, the suspense became intense. A pocket-book might have been dropped with impunity. Spencer rose nervously and grasped his carpet-bag with dauntless determination on every line of his Doric brow. He also seized his Senatorial umbrella and Congressional ulster. Dorsey, Conover and Patterson courageously laid hands upon theirs, and with Spartan firmness each rose to his feet. [The Spartans cultivated stealing as a fine art.] "Senators," ejaculated Patterson, "soon to be ex-Senators," "remember the eyes of the Republic are upon you. There is no more chance for us. Let us steal an hour away for humble, grateful prayer, as there is nothing else to—" "Do not forget me," gasped Kellogg. "Remember me in yours. I may soon follow. The headman stalks behind me in my dreams. Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone?" He drew out his yellow bandana. "Are your carpet-bags strapped?" "Yes, and we too," rejoined the noble statesmen. Then he fell upon their necks and wept a salt, salt tear. Many in the audience turned away to hide theirs. Sensation all over the hall. Mrs. Fassett took several sketches for her great historic picture, and Vinnie Ream modeled the scene in her mind's eye, Horatio, for a grand colossal group for the National Hall of Statues, so authorized by the Statues at large. A silence as of the great judgment fell upon the hall. Then the clock struck twelve with an exultant, joyous clang, and the Forty-fifth Congress died as the last sound died away. *Allah Akbar.* Time the Avenger had avenged the plundered peoples of many a trampled State. The political hearses backed up, and the last of the carpet-baggers were bundled into them in indecent haste. A new era began, and the Senate goes on forever.

Le roi est mort—Vive le roi.

EDISON'S RIVAL TRIUMPHANT.



"Who says I was afraid?"

A COOL GENERATION.



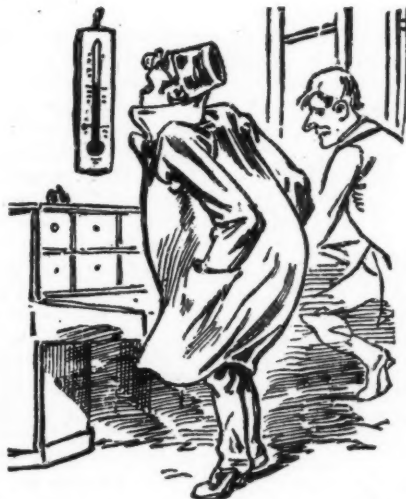
1. Monsieur Grenouillet, of the firm of Grenouillet, Robinet et Cie., positively refuses to have a fire lit in the office, and expresses his contempt for the degenerate youth of the day, who feel cold when the thermometer is three degrees above zero.



2. Next day it is six below. The clerical corps of the Grenouillet office enters into a conspiracy; and with the assistance of the office-boy, who is on friendly terms with the obliging cook of a neighboring restaurant, all the thermometers in the place are carefully and thoroughly boiled.



3. At half-past eight in the morning Grenouillet comes down to the office. He is a relic of the sturdy last generation, but he feels a certain chilliness in his marrow-bones.



4. "Wonder what the thermometer is? Holy Brahma! Sixty degrees above zero! Impossible—can't be! Why, I'm as cold as an iceberg!"



5. "Yes, sixty! No mistake about it. Sixty by all the three thermometers. And every door and window open—all the clerks in their shirt-sleeves. I don't understand this at all!"



6. And the gay young junior clerk, passing by, casually remarks: "You don't look very well this morning, Monsieur Grenouillet." "Well, my boy, the fact is, I feel just a shade chilly!" "Chilly! Why, it's so hot we can scarcely breathe!"



7. Total collapse of Grenouillet. He is escorted home by two of his employees; and the junior clerk takes occasion to remark that when his late-lamented aunt on the mother's side departed this life, she exhibited the same remarkable symptoms.



8. The family physician is called in, and wants to know how M. Grenouillet finds himself. M. Grenouillet is freezing. "Of course, of course, my dear sir. Naturally you think you feel so. You're in a raging fever. But with care and rest, and an equable temperature, and this little prescription, we'll bring you through all right."



9. Meanwhile the Grenouillet clerks have a caloric revel—a fire-wood orgy, so to speak; and an edict is issued from the head of the firm that hereafter fires shall be lit at the end of August and kept going until the end of May.

A NON-EXPLOSIVE IDYLL.

HE has left this vale of sorrow, she has skipped this plane of tears,
And from all the evidence that's in this simple fact appears,
That for whooping up a breakfast Cerintha topped them all;
But she skirmished with the little can which snatches short and tall.

She had sense akin to equine and a constitution tough,
Her talents were quite various, her taking-off was rough.
She merely laid the lid aside and poured in some to start "her,"
And the golden stairs she ambled up, the fragments going arter.

According to that truthful youth, the *Ophicleide's* new local,
The kinsfolk of the scattered *chef* made street and alley vocal
With revilings of the grocer, the venial middle-man,
Who put the non-explosive oil in her half-gallon can.

BUCK LEMON.

A NEW ROTIFER.

WE learn from the *Journal of Microscopy* that there is a new Rotifer loose upon the community.

What or who a Rotifer is we do not know, and we have been unable to gather any positive information from the description; but the *Journal of Microscopy* appears to be a highly respectable, well-meaning magazine, and looks as if it had not a very large circulation, so that we feel it our duty to give it a helping hand in spreading abroad information which is probably of vital importance to science.

This Rotifer, it appears, was found at Niagara. This fact, taken in connection with the following sketch of his characteristics, might lead to the impression that he is a hackman; but this, we believe, is not the case.

The *Journal of Microscopy* has christened its discovery *Anuræa Sorotrocha Zygotrocha*, and says it belongs to the *Brachionæa* Family.

This is rough, even in view of the details given.

For it appears that the buccal funnel is situated in the lower middle part of the face, and between the trochal lobes is deep and ciliated; on its upper border is a projecting conical lip well ciliated; these cilia seem to be able to close over the mouth to aid in the retention of the prey. The mallei and incus of the mastax are easily made out, and are of the typical form. The oesophagus is short; the digestive cavity is clearly divided into a capacious gastric expansion and an intestine or cloaca.

We further learn that the eye is "large, round, and red," and that the "egg is attached." From this we infer that an outraged populace has been plugging hen-fruit at this shameless Rotifer, who is probably a species of hotel-beat.

And just here we observe that this Rotifer is accompanied by a female. His traveling-companion is only casually referred to; but the *Journal* refers in an aggrieved tone to "her unreasonably large ovum," whence we conclude that moderation in an ovum is a desirable thing.

The *Journal's* exposé ends with the remark that "this Rotifer's case is so transparent that it affords a good example for the study of its structure; besides, when under the compressorium, its horns hold it in place, so it may be studied while alive with high powers."

Which appears to us rather on the non-sequitur order; although the Rotifer is probably a bad case.

At any rate, we have done our duty. We have set this Rotifer before the world in all his naked integrity, and we trust we have destroyed his power for evil.

If science owes us any debt for this good work, science may liquidate as soon as she sees fit.

P.S.—Just as we go to press we learn that we have got this whole Rotifer business by the wrong end. The Rotifer is not a tramp, nor a book-agent, nor a hotel-beat. He is simply a beastly little transparent thing about 1/50,000,000 of an inch long, whose only occupation is to wiggle about in a drop of water and be looked at through a magnifying glass.

We have cut the *Journal of Microscopy* off our exchange list.

A HIS-TRY-ON (HIC) PUNSTER.

Some time ago I paid a short visit to a friend in Florence. He was one of a large family. So as soon as I was settled he issued cards for a Germen inviting many, among whom were Robertson, Williamson, Robinson, Jefferson, two of Thompsons, his sister Anderson and his cousins and one Morant. He lives in Rigi splendor, and always has a Lotta good fellows around him. He has a Keene eye for beauty, and his house really lacks nothing. Not even is there a Wallack, for they are cornered with fine paintings.

The guests Lingard long, but finally we were alone and I was glad to go to my room. A good night's sleep refreshed me, and when I awoke I thought that I was in the Lander dreams still. My host was waiting for me, and after a light breakfast we sauntered out to see the sights. In our wanderings we struck a Booth where a woman was vending old curiosities. Her "Junior Clark" was a pretty Italian girl of sixteen, who, of course, was profuse in her endeavors to sell me something. I told her she could not Palmer goods off on me; I had no trade dollars to spare. After vain endeavors to Jewett out of me I got away.

We met a friend of my host's, who, by the way, he introduced as his late lamented friend, Charles Dickinson. Later we dropped in at Mme. Smithini's and found the ladies playing cards. Invited to take a hand, I accepted, as I am devoted to whist, and am always ready to McCauley can (in fifty cent limits).

I got into frequent Rousby claiming the money every game for my partner; but after all we had a merry afternoon, and returned home in time for dinner. During conversation my host asked if I was anything of a Hunter or Fisherman. To the first I said I could tramp and fire off an air-gun, that was about all; and to the second, I flattered myself I could swing a rod and reel as gracefully and successfully as any man on "Old Long Island's sea-beat shore."

He gave me his interesting experience in Fox-hunting in England. We sat a long while over our Old Holland and fine-cut Cavendish (I like Old Holland best, don't you?), and planned a Rowe for the following morning with some ladies to gather Moss on rocks. We went, and I had to Crane my neck to see and get the—stuff I called it. I felt as if I would like to be what I heard the woman say of the giraffe up at Central Park the other day. "Och, my! isn't he tall in the neck?"

Well, like all things, my visit came to an end. If I could Dyas well off as my friend, and Rankin as he does in business circles, I should be content. But my lot is Barron, and Dunning-creditors give me no peace.

VALE.

PUCK'S
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

BY SPECIAL BRIDGE CABLE DIRECT.

BROOKLYN, 1879.

Dear PUCK:

WE always have more or less hilarity going on over here. The latest sensation is the trial of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage for the crime of common fame. I think he is a guilty wretch, as it is well known that he has been in the habit of visiting houses of the commonest sort of fame during the past winter. I don't know what the penalty is for this crime, but presume it is commensurate with the enormity of the offense. Any man, and especially any minister, who stoops to the commission of common fame, will not be likely to stop in his downward career till he becomes imbued with a desire to commit the vilest crimes known to law, and may at last be guilty not only of common fame, but even of common sense.

If Mr. Talmage should be banished from this island, it would be a calamity not easily replaced—by any other calamity. And still the Brooklynese might struggle along under a weary weight of existence, even if the large-mouthed pulpit orator should go away, the Tabernacle be sold under foreclosure, the organ-loft and pulpit wrapt in the warp and woof of spiders' webs, and the marvelous triumvirate of minister, organist and bugler should never more titillate the delighted auricular appendages of the children of Brooklyn.

I sometimes weep and snort and wipe my eyes quietly by myself, when I think of all the petty vices to which our modern clergy are addicted. Mr. Talmage is probably not the worst of the lot. He may have more mouth than many, perhaps, and less hair than some; but he is thoroughly orthodox on the question of "L"—railroads, and is a firm believer in the future moral certainty of rapid transit for Brooklyn. And so it will be seen that he is not yet quite totally depraved, even if he should be proved guilty of the wicked crime of common fame with which he stands charged.

Talking of Talmage naturally suggests thoughts of the Big Bridge. (I use capitals, not because this is the name of an Indian chief, but because the uncommonness of the structure removes it from the grammatical category of common names.) In the course of the investigation now going on, it has transpired that it is the bridge, and not the hard times nor high taxes, that is the cause of the depression in real estate in New York and Brooklyn.

It is well that we have ascertained this fact before the work has gone any further. Clearly the thing to do now is to take it down and get rid of it as speedily as possible. Better send it to Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, or some of the other small provincial cities where there is no navigation of consequence to obstruct, and no values worth mentioning to be reduced.

I trust these nice little country towns will not take offense at these remarks, as I really consider them very smart, thriving places; but if they should elevate their dorsal extremities about the matter, we might still give the bridge to our transatlantic cousins, who could set one tower on either side of the Cleopatra needle; and, as they are always only too willing to take all they can get for nothing, no matter how valueless it may be (even to the Turner collection of pictures), they would at once rid us of the intolerable nuisance. Let it be abridged by all means, and the sooner the quicker.

Yours unconditionally,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

ARE THEY FRIENDS OF THE COLONEL?



When you go to the operor,
Get your tickets a month before,
Or the Ticket Speculator won't permit you to advance,
And will terrify your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

SONG OF THE IMPECUNIOUS.

It centres in the heart, a gnawing sorrow,
That piques my appetite—
Alack! I have no shekels for to-morrow,
No friend doth me invite
To share his matin lunch; nor can I borrow
Enough to get a bite.

Why, surely, as I am an arrant sinner,
I once could swell the head
Of each old chum, and get a decent dinner;
But now I get, instead,
"Cold shoulder," cut in slices that are thinner
Than mould upon my bread.

ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

PUCK'S
HISTORY OF OIRELAND.

(Compiled from the Posthumous Notes of the late Professor
DENNIS McBALLYWHACK, OF MAYNOOTH.)

PARENTHETICAL CHAPTER.

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE PAT'S DAY
PROCESSION—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE—
ORANGES—THE GREEN AND THE YELL-OH!

THE walking mania, which is now calling for an increase in the number of Lunatic Asylums in America, had its origin in Oireland in the year 1238, some 250 years before Oireland was discovered. (This may seem to be a "bull," but, be it understood, we are writing an *Oirish* History.)

The walking mania so affected the people, that they all went mad—a condition of things which is liable to occur in this country if something is not done to prevent it. When the Hon. S. T. Patrick came to the fore and found his natives walking around bog-tracks he dubbed them "bog-thrôtters"—a name which has ever since been sacred to the Oirish race. Soon after this, the wicked Sassenach—this is the way the Oirish pronounce English—came over to raid Oireland. Oliver Cromwell, Esq., King James, and William of Orange, pooled their

issues, hired a mob and went in and captured Drogheda. (This name can be pronounced Drawer-da, Droggey-dah—or Drog-header—just as you please.) It was called the Battle of the Boyne, for that was the ridiculous name of a river near by into which the rival mobs chucked their dead.

Then O. Cromwell, Esq., and K. James went home and died, which was condescending on their part, and for which they have our thanks.

The Oirish color, like the Oirish nature, is green—very green. Now William of Orange was the only one of the three raiders on Oireland who remained on Oirish soil.

And the way that man peddled oranges around the country was terrible. The yellow tint of the oranges striking the Oirish eye inflamed the Oirish heart, as the red mantle does that of a Spanish bull.

But still the Celt is nothing, if not divided. William the Orangeman had his adherents; S. T. Patrick had a gang also; and as it is well known that the Oirish only fight when they have a crowd to back them, the two separate gangs paraded the land—the one all yellow, the other all green—and when they met they whacked each other's bullet-heads in a way it would do your heart good to see.

But green had the best of it, as they were the more numerous, and they made the other side yell, "Oh!"

In honor of their victory, which occurred on March 17, 1001, they started an anniversary, and called it St. Paddy's-Day in the Ma-a-a-arnin.

The yell-Oh Oirish have a feeble little anniversary in July, when it takes ten N. Y. Policemen to protect each Orangeman from the shill-laghs of the Paddy's b'ys.

The marching of the hordes on St. Patrick's-Day has been typical of the Oirish people.

Although they love the "ould dart," and always call it "home," they are forever leaving it, and are walking, walking over the whole world.

When they get into training on the 17th of March, they go in for a 364 days' tramp after the pickings which they can glean from the Sassenach, the Yankee, and the "bloody Dutch."

E. S. L.

HOW TO PREVENT THE WALKING MANIA.

(See 1st page Cartoon.)

SOMETHING must be done.

The question is, how to do it?

In the old time when a husband was tired of his wife, or when a son felt home-rule irksome to his soaring soul, they have placed pieces of globular lead in their hearts or temples; or have gulped down doses of strychnine and other perpetual soporifics.

This was good for the undertaker, and the grave-digger who resembleth not the one whom Shakspeare drew.

Then the husband or the son was gone; where, no deponent can say; but gone he was and was safe to be out of the way till his friends found him again when they floated around in the blue beyond.

Things have changed now.

Husbands and sons are liable to disappear in that uncomfortable way in which, though they are gone, nobody can say they are gone forever—as they may turn up again, at any moment.

This is rough.

This is especially rough on a nice young person who has been married to a man.

If her man died and she saw him quietly inurned, put in a hole, with gravel shoveled on top of him, she could feel easy in her mind about the matrimonial advances of the blond fellow who boards over the way.

But if he goes out and merely does not return—?

And this is what is happening all over this once happy and prosperous land.

It is the Walking Mania.

A man, honestly fond of his wife and his children, with loving ideas in his mind of jewels for the one and toys for the others, leaves home with loving kisses still keeping their perfume on his lips and goes to his "L" train for down-town.

Then he gets a *Herald* or a *Sun*.

What's this? Madame Legg has gone 1333 miles in 1333 minutes! O'Leary is only fooling; he'll be sure to win!! Rowell has a leg-mortgage on the belt!!! Harriman is reserving his strength—he is sure to be ahead at the finish!!! Mlle. Jolie Jambé has now accomplished 4444 of her task of 8888 miles in 1111 hours!!!

This is what the average husband and son read. They have no sawdust track, but they have the whole world before them on which to walk—excepting such portions as are wet.

And there are paul-boyton suits in which to paddle across oceans.

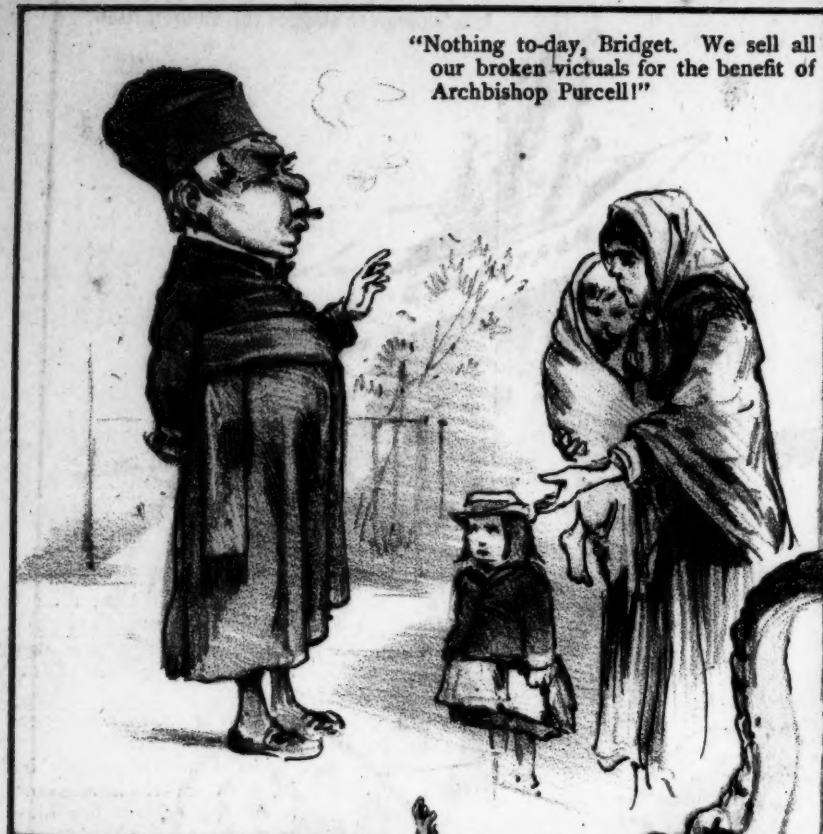
And they walk.

For they must walk. It is the mania of the period. The list of missing men was never greater. They are not defaulters or absconders, or elopers. They are merely walkers. They can't help it. They are no more to be held responsible for their actions than is G. F. Train for living on his daily peanut or G. the Count J. for writing letters to the *Sun*.

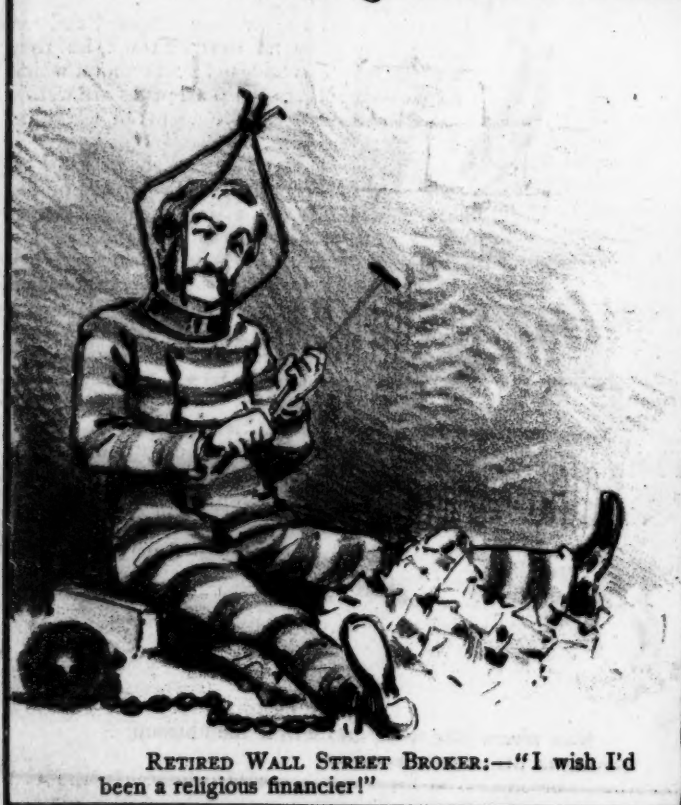
But the wife and mother have come to the front. When you see your old friends coming down the Avenue shackled with ball-and-chain; or hobbled with leg-irons; or put in a sack; you can take to your relieved heart the pleasant conviction that these fellows have loving female hands at home, who have so fixed things that their lords shall not walk away from them, forever.

MEN OF SENSE.

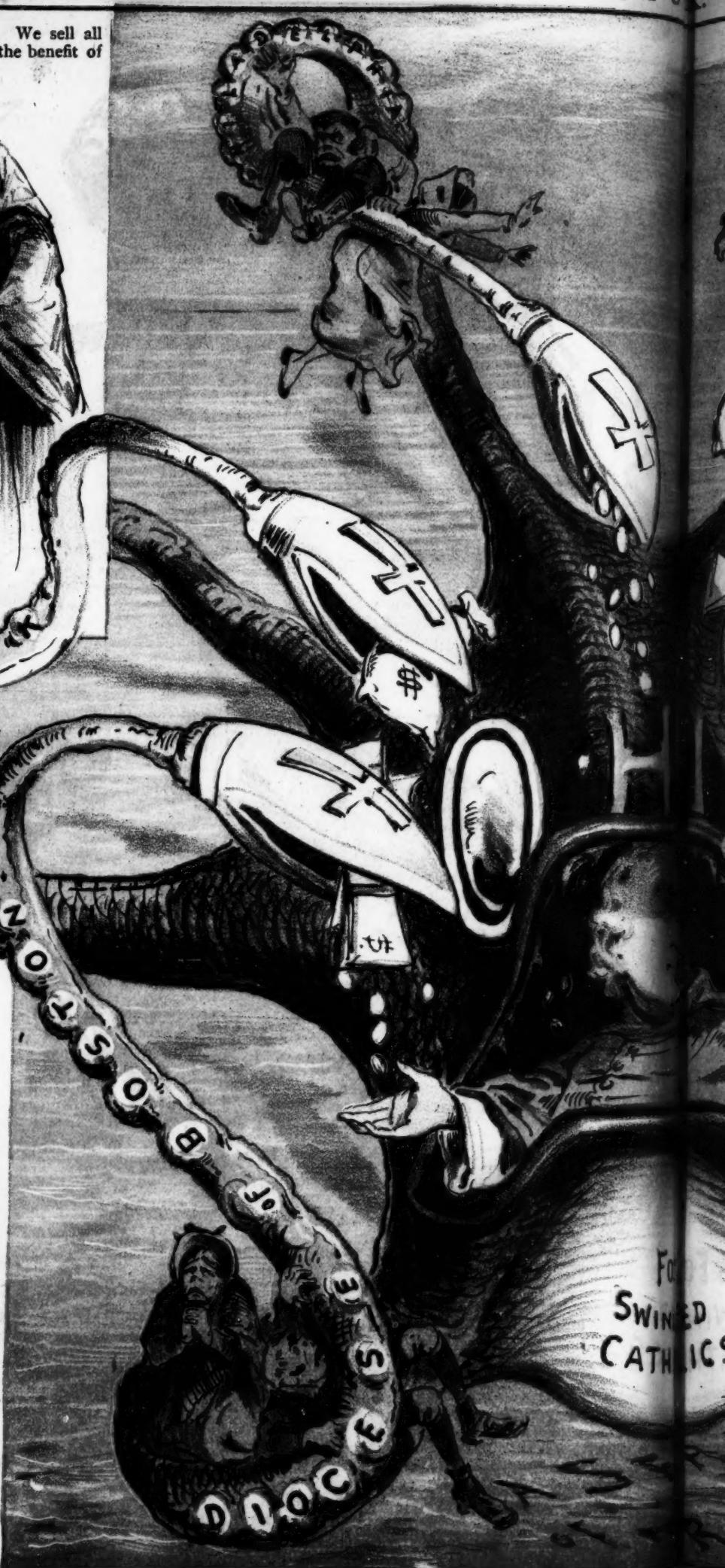
Why should not Pat boast of his senses? He has the gem of the See. Nothing is so fine as his Erin. What haste he shows for a shindy! His mellow state over the least smell o' whisky every one nose. His "failin's" are his own. And for general family census, ask the canvassers of the bloody Sixth! SLOCUS.



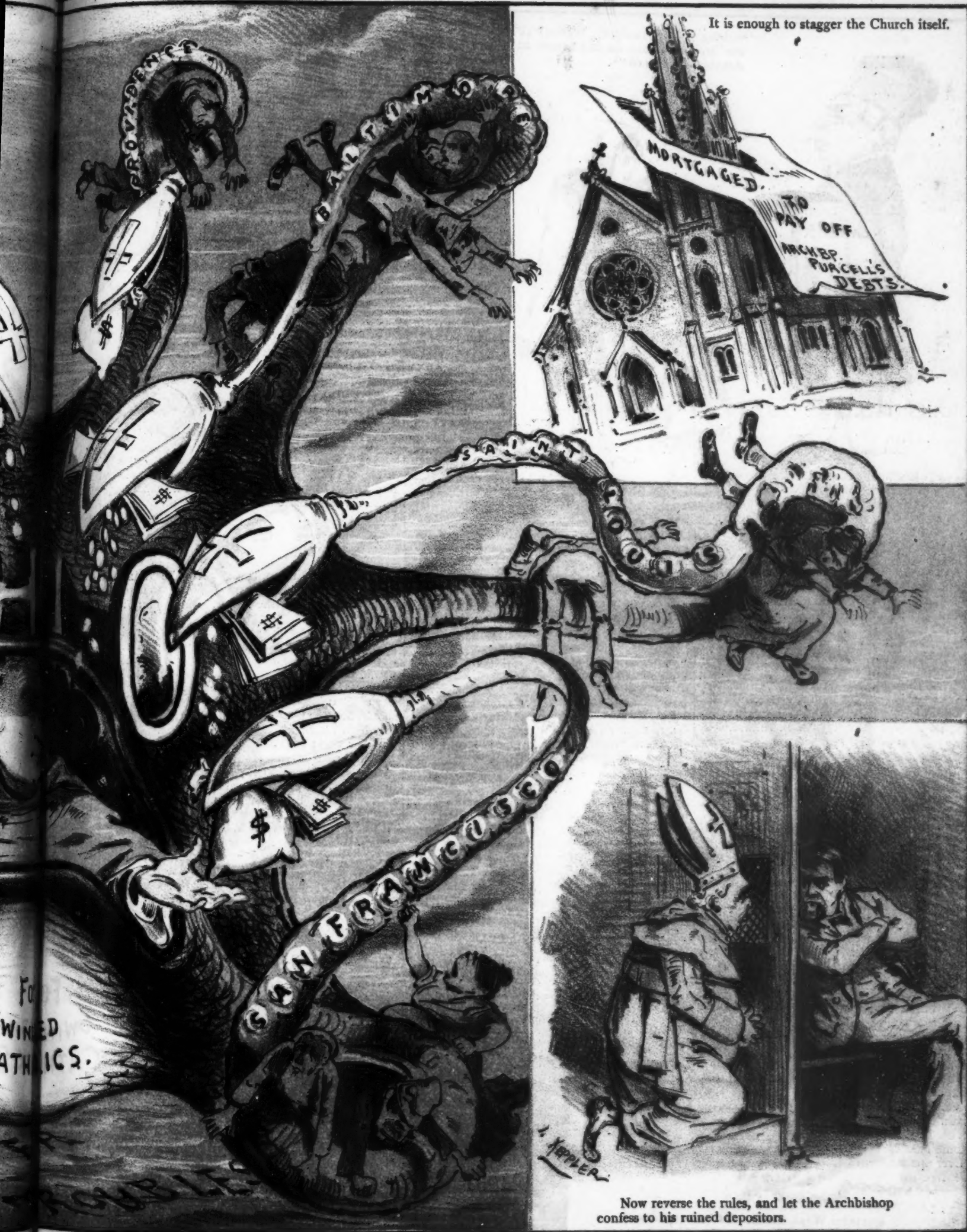
"Nothing to-day, Bridget. We sell all our broken victuals for the benefit of Archbishop Purcell!"



RETIRED WALL STREET BROKER:—"I wish I'd been a religious financier!"



A DEVILISH "FISHY" WAY OF MOO



It is enough to stagger the Church itself.

Now reverse the rules, and let the Archbishop confess to his ruined depositors.

OF MOOTHING OVER A SWINDLE.

TRIOLETS.

PREFERENCES.

I'm fond of a cigarette
And a glassful of Madeira.
When outside of a meal I get
I'm fond of a cigarette.
But ah! I'm happier yet
When my arm's round black-eyed Sara.
I'm fond of a cigarette
And a glassful of Madeira.

ANTITHESIS.

Walking is all the go,
This fact there is no hiding;
In favor it seems to grow,
Walking is all the go;
But for *my* part, by Jo,
I rather incline to riding.
Walking is all the go,
This fact there is no hiding.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A RAILROAD ON BROADWAY.

MORE PETITIONS FOR THE HORSE-CAR RAILWAY FRANCHISE.

OUR worthy Aldermen are much exercised in the matter of granting a franchise authorizing a horse railroad in Broadway from the Battery to Union Square or Central Park.

They have received so many applications so widely differing in conditions, that it is a perfect *embarras du choix*. While August Belmont and associates have offered to construct the road, to give a certain percentage of the receipts to the city, and keep Broadway in a magnificent state of repair, another group of capitalists see Belmont and go him several better by pledging itself not only to build a railroad that shall take the shine out of any railroad ever heard of, but to run on it elegant palace-cars, to dispense with straps, give everybody a seat, and to remove the snow on Broadway. Then comes Mr. John B. Haskin, who raises the other group of capitalists by offering to pay \$1,000,000 in gold within ten days from the making of the grant; the city to receive twenty-five per cent of the net profits—running expenses of the road, as a matter of course, to be deducted.

Others have suggested that no private application be considered, but that the franchise should be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder.

Puck, who takes a deep interest in the welfare of New York, the Metropolis of the United States, has never, from the first, considered the most liberal of the above offers as a fair equivalent for the exceedingly valuable privilege sought to be secured.

It seems generous enough to give a seat to every passenger, to keep the street clean, and to hand over a million of dollars to the Aldermen; but a Broadway railroad franchise is worth much more than this; the grasping millionaire has only thought of himself; the poorer citizens' just dues are in this way to be crushed by the iron heel of capital.

PUCK has taken the matter in hand; has spoken to several conscientious capitalists who, in conjunction with him, are endeavoring to obtain the right on the following terms:

To construct a railroad from the Battery to Jerome Park.

Every passenger to have two seats, and to ride free except on Sundays during church hours, when the fare is to be one cent; the money to be devoted to charitable purposes.

Broadway and all the streets in the city to be cleaned every half hour.

The cars to be gorgeously upholstered with pink satin and cloth of gold; and Piper Heidsieck champagne to be always on hand instead of unwholesome ice-water.

Drivers to be chosen from members of the Union Club.

Only United States Senators and members of the Bar Association eligible for conductors.

The applicants also undertake to liquidate the whole of the city debt, in consideration of the invaluable franchise awarded them.

This document bears the signatures of PUCK, ex-Secretary Robeson, Police Captain Williams, John Roach, Schuyler Colfax, Congressman Garfield, and Rutherford B. Hayes.

Latest from the City Hall.

The Aldermen have rejected the PUCK proposition, having received many other applications with provisions of a far more liberal character.

In addition to carrying out faithfully all that PUCK and other bidders have undertaken, a number of wealthy men, among whom is Charles Rowell, the pedestrian, offer to give each passenger a trade-dollar, a shine, a gin-cocktail, and a cigar.

Another company, consisting of George Francis Train, Count Joannes, Hanlan and the Sweet Singer of Michigan, not to be outdone by the Rowell party, promise to present to every passenger, five dollars, a new spring suit, and a Smith & Wesson six-shooter.

The proposition of Samuel J. Tilden, associated with Zachariah Chandler, John Kelly, Anna Dickinson, the Marquis of Lorne, has, we should think, a very fair chance of being accepted: The Aldermen, if they reject it, can certainly not be said to have the interests either of the country or city at heart.

The Tilden Association are prepared to go much further than the Train company. They will, in the first place, pay off in gold, ten minutes after obtaining the franchise, the whole of the public debt of the Union States. Every passenger is to have a U. S. five-hundred-dollar bond; a first-class return-ticket to Europe and back, with all expenses paid; a brown-stone front house and lot, a pair of 2:20 trotters, a diamond pin, a pew in Plymouth Church, a lunch at Delmonico's, and a free pass to "Pinafore."

Although we advocate the prompt acceptance of this offer, still, at the same time, the franchise may be of greater value than we think; for a company may yet be formed that will give each passenger a bank of his own, with a paid up capital of a million of dollars.

This Broadway railroad privilege must not be lightly parted with, or the Board of Aldermen will be held to a full account by their constituents.

THE April *Scribner's* will contain the first of a series of articles on the stage, by J. Brander Mathews; and a "Pinafore" article—yes, *Scribner's* too!

Answers for the Anxious.

IIASELTINE.—She's never sick at sea.

CHARLES BACKUS.—The original April violet and the poem you addressed to it are both gone—one to the tender bosom of dead spring, and the other to the O I C man.

GÁFF.—We really can't tell you where you can get a good second-hand set of false teeth. Mr. Wm. M. Evarts may have an old lot to dispose of; but they would probably be too much worn down for you. You had better go without them. It is quieter for your friends.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.



GENTLE SOPHOMORE, who has been on a strike, to College President:—"That's right, old boy! All is forgiven. I see you have a realizing sense of your conduct."

THE THEATRES.

MISS DICKIE LINGARD pinafors at the GLOBE. "The Banker's Daughter" is making Manager Palmer a banker's father. Mr. Palmer's boy is better.

At the PARK, "Engaged" is doing a business that makes Mr. Abbey's heart glad. This is as it should be; for it is finely played, and it is in Gilbert's quaintest style.

The "Little Duke" is announced for Monday at BOOTH'S—too late for our notice. It should be broad, brilliant and beautiful, if rumor hasn't been guilty of prevarication.

"Through the Dark," at the FIFTH AVENUE, will not add to the reputation of Mr. Steele Mackaye. It is a gloomy conventional melodrama, and the characters are but indifferently drawn. It is, however, well acted, and Mr. Harkins's *Billy Kloots* is a fine personation.

"A Scrap of Paper," at Wallack's, does credit to Mr. Sardou, who, although a foreigner, is beginning to acquire quite a reputation, and Mr. Wallack and his company are doing their best to help him. Those who won't take our word for this had better go and see for themselves.

We don't exactly know why we should refer to Mr. David Dudley Field's very able address before the Young Men's Democratic Association under this head; but perhaps it is because it is more likely to attract public notice. Mr. Field's remarks were oft-reiterated truisms, but if they have the effect of initiating some sort of organization to effect a reform in our beautiful system of city government, Mr. Field will rise considerably in PUCK's estimation.

The BROADWAY'S "Pinafore" is admirably sung by its Philadelphia company. If the acting is not altogether up to PUCK's very high standard, the music is certainly better, and more completely rendered than any other "Pinafore" we ever heard afore. Here one gets rather more than one's money's worth; for we are very pleasantly treated to an extra supply of "Pinafore" which is not in the score. There is the funniest little midshipmate in the solar universe, and the bos'un tight, and the crew of the captain's gig are extremely and harmoniously nautical.

RED, YELLOW, AND GREEN.

("An Old Bohemian," in *Tinsley's Magazine*.)

(Concluded.)

HE was a deft hand at dirt-encrusting and cob-webbing bottles, and giving new corks the appearance of a ripe old age.

The first portion had been sealed with red wax, the second with yellow wax, the bulk with green wax. I had not been long left alone when the three gentlemen were ushered in obsequiously by Charles. M. Martin was Mayor of Lyons at the time, and M. Ducoudray temporary prefect of the Rhône department. M. Dufour was one of the leading silk manufacturers of Lyons, and father-in-law of M. Arles Dufour, the famous national economist.

I rose and bowed to the three gentlemen; then resumed my seat, and went on reading my *Censeur de Lyon*.

Charles, I must tell you, was a model waiter. He was courteous and obliging to all customers, high and humble alike, and gratuities were not the first and only consideration with him. He served you with such truly gentlemanly ease that you felt more than half inclined to doubt whether he was not a nobleman in disguise, doing the waiter for a wager. There was once a waiter at the Savage Club, whom my friend Barnes used to call the Baron, and of whom you were really reluctant to order a go of hot or cold, he looked such a natural swell; but he was nothing to Charles. In fact, I have known in the course of my life—that is to say, brief—career a great many Charleses, and, for the matter of that, Charles too, and I shall ever gratefully remember Charles or Charley of the Albion, in the halcyon days of that then truly noble establishment. But I never met the equal of Peyrade's Charles. He was sincerely attached to his employer, and always ready to place all his undoubted abilities unreservedly at his service. With regard to strict adherence to truth, I must confess, alas, that Charles was not much given to shaming the devil.

"So Peyrade is out?" inquired M. Martin.

"I believe he is gone to Fourvières," replied the veracious Charles. "I do not think he will be back before evening."

"Then whilst the coast is clear, Charles," said the mayor, "bring us a bottle of the wine you were talking of the other day. We should like to have a taste of it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Charles hesitatingly, "I am afraid M. Peyrade will not like it when he comes to know it; but I will venture to risk it to oblige you."

A few minutes after, a dirty black bottle, with a dirty red seal, was placed before the three gentlemen. It was opened by Charles, and three glasses were solemnly poured out. A faint perfume pervaded the room. The gentlemen tasted; they smacked their lips. "Delicious," muttered M. Martin. "What do you call it, Charles?" asked M. Ducoudray. "That I cannot tell," said Charles; "M. Peyrade has kept so close about it." "I think," said M. Dufour, reflectively, "I think it tastes like Romanée." "So it does, so it does!" cried prefect and mayor *unisono*. "Have you ever tasted it, Charles?" asked M. Martin. "No," Charles replied; "this is the first bottle I have taken out of the bin." "Bring a glass, then, Charles, and taste it, and let us know what you think of the vintage. You are a judge, I know," said M. Dufour. Charles tasted, with a solemn face. "Gentlemen," he said admiringly, "you are finished *gourmets*. It is Romanée."

Well, I must confess I felt rather small in my own estimation. Here were three gentlemen, whom I knew to be pretty good judges of wine, giving the very name to the article which had excited my derision. But this was, after all,

only another proof of M. Peyrade's unapproachable superiority in wine-growing.

They finished the bottle, and ordered another. Ere they had drunk the one-half of this, Peyrade suddenly made his appearance. He had come back quite unexpectedly; most likely he had found the height of Fourvières too toilsome to climb that day. He cordially saluted his customers; then throwing, as it were, an accidental glance upon the bottle on the table, his brow suddenly clouded and he looked greatly annoyed and vexed. He was a capital actor, as has already been intimated. He summoned Charles. "Do you, or do you not, know these gentlemen, Charles?" he asked the man angrily. Then, without waiting an answer, he continued, with truly pathetic reproachfulness, "Charles, Charles! to place red seal before my much-honored guests! What could you be thinking of? If you had made up your mind to disobey my injunction not to let these wines be touched, you should at least have had the sense to place a superior quality before these gentlemen. Blockhead, go and get a bottle yellow seal and fresh glasses; and put the olives on the table."

Charles, who was almost as good an actor as his employer, looked crestfallen and contrite. He admitted the justice of the reproof; he ought to have known better; he craved the gentlemen's pardon. He put the olives on the table, and fresh glasses, then went on his errand.

"Gentlemen," said M. Peyrade, smoothing his ruffled brow, "I hope you will pardon poor Charles. He knew he was disobeying my orders, and that must have confused him. Pray take an olive, and I will show you what real high-class Burgundy means."

The yellow seal was brought and opened. The perfume pervading the room was more strongly pronounced now. The three gentlemen tasted—and tasted—and tasted again. They closed their eyes in the intensity of their delight.

"Ah, Peyrade, you are right!" cried M. Martin enthusiastically. "This is wine! It is nectar fit for the gods. This is Romanée, and no mistake!"

"So it is," acquiesced Peyrade, adding, with charming ingenuousness, "How did you find it out?—oh, I see, Charles—"

"No," M. Dufour broke in, with proud consciousness; "I found it out—we all found it out—unaided by Charles. And I think I may venture to pronounce this yellow seal Romanée Conti?"

"Well, I see there is no keeping a secret from judges like you, gentlemen," cried Peyrade admiringly. "Yes, it is Romanée Conti. The fact is, I bought three sorts—that is to say, two sorts—three is a mistake," he continued, with well-acted embarrassment. "Of course, two sorts I mean, the red seal and the yellow."

"Ah, you have only two sorts, have you—only two?" said M. Ducoudray slowly, and with an inquisitorial glance meant to pierce the host right through. The prefect fancied that he was, in vulgar parlance, smelling a rat. "Now look here, Peyrade, I swear you have three sorts. No, no; I take no denial, man," as Peyrade made signs of denegation; "I know 'tis a fact. Now what objection can you possibly have to our having a taste of the *bonne bouche*? Come, let's have a bottle of the third sort."

"Well, gentlemen, I see it is no use trying to deceive you. It was an unlucky slip of the tongue. The truth is, I was afraid you'd want to buy some; and I must tell you categorically that the third sort, my green seal, is not for sale. It happens to be *première tête*, and I doubt whether the like of it is to be found in any cave within a hundred leagues round. I could not conscientiously charge more than six

louis a dozen"—I dropped the *Censeur* in sheer amazement. Heavens! ten francs a bottle! and I knew the cost of production could not possibly exceed two francs—"and the article," he continued, with calm assurance, casting a glance of warning in my direction, "is safe to double its value in three or four years at the most. So, gentlemen, let it be distinctly understood, pray, that I shall have the honor to treat you to a couple of bottles of my green seal Romanée Conti, *première tête* and that you will not ask me to sell you any of it. On this condition alone, let it be distinctly understood, I repeat, I'll go and fetch a couple of green seal bottles myself, as the bins are locked, and I never part with the key to any one. Eat a few olives meanwhile. Charles, come along with me."

When master and man entered again, each bore an elegant silver wine-cradle, in which reposed a most ancient-looking bottle, sealed with equally ancient-looking green wax. With due solemnity the cradles were placed on the table. Large glasses were brought.

Upon Peyrade's special invitation, courteously indorsed by M. Dufour, to whom I was personally well-known, I joined *le cercle des buveurs*, and Charles also was easily prevailed upon to give us the benefit of his well-known judgment.

When the first cork was drawn, a perfect nosegay of perfumes took possession of our olfactory organs, and when we put our glasses to our lips, there was a general delighted "Ah!" in which I joined heartily and sincerely. The wine was in fact a most perfect success, and if I had not happened to know better, I should myself have sworn it was Romanée Conti, and *première tête* to boot!

When we had discussed the two bottles, M. Dufour suddenly remembered that he had something most particular and important to say to M. Peyrade, whom he invited accordingly to grant him a few minutes in private.

When the two gentlemen had withdrawn, M. Martin said to the prefect, "I lay a wager that sly old fox Dufour is talking Peyrade out of a hundred or so of this glorious Romanée. If he succeeds I am determined to have a go in for it too." "And so shall I," cried the prefect; "and Peyrade will find it rather difficult to refuse me, I know. Why, it is dirt cheap at one hundred and twenty francs the dozen."

Well, the two gentlemen were away for full twenty minutes. When they came back Peyrade looked flushed and slightly annoyed, whilst Dufour wore a satisfied smile on his face. So we at once knew how the land was lying, and the prefect and the mayor at once both joined in a most determined onset on the proprietor of the place, and of the incomparable Romanée Conti; and they never left off until they had, despite his most solemn protestations and most earnest denials, prevailed upon him to cede to each of them, at the moderate price of one hundred and twenty francs a dozen, twenty dozen of the coveted article, which, with the twenty dozen extorted from him by M. Dufour, made up the respectable figure of seven hundred and twenty bottles out of a grand total of three thousand.

Peyrade pathetically entreated the three gentlemen not to mention the affair to any one, which they promised, of course. He knew human nature well. Was it at all likely they would keep dark about their good fortune? So before the evening of that self-same day had traveled far towards night we had M. de Merlat and M. Vautrinier, two large landed proprietors in the Rhône department, drop in, quite accidentally, of course, but with their soul set upon Romanée Conti; and before the next day had run its course, successive visits of M. Broleman, M. de Cazenove, Count des Guidi, the great homœopathist, the Hahnemann of France, and

the jovial Abbé Pollet, the domestic chaplain of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons, and purveyor and superintendent-general of his eminence's kitchen and cellar, had induced Peyrade to dispose to these gentlemen of the entire remainder of the stock, including even the yellow and red seals, and accordingly also my own promised five dozen, for which five hundred francs were handed to me by the delighted Peyrade, who soon after also kept his promise of giving me a free trip to Marseilles. Charles had a magnificent diamond breastpin presented to him by his grateful employer.

So you see this vinous tricolor turned out a good thing for me also. *Tempi Pessati—Eheu!*

END.



Puck's Exchanges.

TO KITTY.

BY R. K. M.

Ah! blue-eyed little Kitty,
You are amiable and witty,
Are you not?
You are like a flower newly
Burst, and fairer than I truly
Don't know what.

You're as graceful as a lily
In a garden warm and stilly,
I confess;
And your lips are sweet as sherry,
And you're very, very
Fond of dress.

My heart, when we're together,
Yes, it's lighter than the feather
On your hat.
By the skies so blue above you,
Now I fancy that I love you—
How is that?

You're imperious and cruel,
Yet, withal a tender jewel,
Cousin Kate.
Now prithee, cease that sighing,
I'm your oyster if you're dying
For a mate.

—N. Y. Star.

GENERAL GRANT will doubtless be in time to meet Colonel Mosby at Hong Kong and take tea with him. U. S. G. says he does not care whether India breaks the Juggernaut, because he carries a jug of his own. Chia Lau Pin thinks that the Chinese poet laureate will welcome the illustrious American somewhat thus:

Soundee gongee, shootee crackee,
Welcome Grant into Chineee;
Give him whiskey and tobaccoee,
Tea and ricee Grant no dinee.
Biggee chieffee, horseee boundee,
Heugag beetee, gongee soundee.
Callee Mosbee drinkee, smokee,
Melican man he almost chokee;
Granttee's stumpee Mosbee smokee,
Blackee bootee, hokee pokee.
Mosbee drunkee, muchee huggee,
Biggee soldier, big humbuggee.

—Washington Capitol.

JONAH was the first man to go a fish in.—*Ottawa Republican.*

CALIFORNIA wants to go off and flock all by herself.—*Derrick.*

DID you ever hear a carpenter plane the piano?—*Graphic.*

A VICE-PRECEDENT—that returning board business.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

DID a donkey ever die of softening of the brayin'?—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Zulus drink absinthe. Absinthe conquers love—of Englishmen, we take it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

CAN it be said that a man who is very much intoxicated is dejected, because he is more'n full?—*Rome Sentinel.*

WHAT does a catamount to anyway?—*Boston Transcript.* The back fence on moonlight nights.—*Syracuse Standard.*

WONDER if Bergh will have the horse that kicked his son arrested for cruelty to animals?—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald.*

LET a bill be offered prohibiting more than fifteen Italians with hand-organs coming over at one time.—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE man who says it don't hurt to have a tooth filled is meaner than four liars and a horse-thief.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE animal that resembles fruit is the grayape.—*Whitehall Times.* [An old joke.] So does the black bear-ry.—*Albany Argus.*

THE Grant movement in 1880 will partake something very much of the ceremony usually observed at a burying.—*Wheeling Leader.*

A MAN who is disgusted with amateur theatricals speaks of them as "d—amateur performances." The wretch?—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

NO, READER. It was not Henry Clay who said he'd rather be tight than President. It was Zach. Chandler.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald.*

WHEN a man puts on his knap-sack he generally bids adieu to sleep; when a woman puts on her nap sack she bids adieu to everything else.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A HORSE SHOE is reckoned to be a lucky wedding present—except when it is presented to the groom with an animated mule's-leg attachment.—*S. F. Wasp.*

CALIFORNIA'S fruitless attempt at secession would doubtless result in returning Dennis Kearney to the United States Senate as a Rebel Brigadier.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE New York *Herald* asks, "Is Christianity a failure?" Just because the *Herald* editor has not succeeded very well with it, he should not discourage others.—*Boston Post.*

MAN can do many things, but there is one thing he can't do; he can't button on a new collar, just after cutting his thumb-nails, without looking up in the air.—*N. Y. Star.*

KEARNEY is said to give evidence of a determination never to patronize the laundry business so long as the Chinese are in it, and that will be forever.—*Chicago Ev. Journal.*

"WOMEN, like newspaper foremen, are sometimes troubled about making up their forms."—*Waterloo Observer.* Particularly if there is a scarcity of live matter.—*Ottawa Republican.*

AN exchange asks: "What is nicer to hold than a pretty woman's hand?" A pretty woman. If that is not the answer we give it up. That suits us well enough.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

THE New York Baptist ministers are still discussing the question of the salvation of infants. The popular belief is that infants will be saved unless they grow up and become ministers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A GERMAN physician argues, in a learned article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that people should not wear clothes. This will never find favor with the ladies—they think too much of dress.—*N. Y. Star.*

IT is positively stated that the world will come to an end in 1880. There's no telling what will happen now-a-days; the world may strike up a race with Jupiter of 2,700 quarter miles.—*Rochester Express.*

WHEN a man commits a crime, it is usual to say that he belongs to one of the best families. If the same man runs for office, it will be found on the opposite stump that he belongs to one of the worst families.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IF you think no one cares for you in this cold world, just tell your neighbors that you propose to keep hens. You will be surprised to see what an immediate interest they will manifest in you.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

IF Adam had been created a boy instead of a full-grown man, he would have clubbed all the apples off from that tree, before the serpent had a chance to get through the fence around the garden.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

A letter is now lying in the Chicago post-office, addressed "To any True Christian in Chicago, and none other." The writer is very stupid. He ought to know that we left Chicago some six months ago.—*Buffalo Express.*

WHEN a singer comes in and leaves us a poem wherein weather is made to rhyme with until her, and love with stove, we cannot help feeling as though we knew where there was one poet not born, but made.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

THEY say that Boyton is in very good health during his floating trip. He doesn't believe in homeopathic doses of hydropathy. He takes in the whole length of the river, and that is allopathy ought to have.—*New Haven Register.*

OH! but didn't the Mayor of Bombay get mad when Grant visited that place. You see, the Mayor was making a speech in Hindustanee, and Grant got tired of it, and yelled from the other end of the table, "Whut d'yer soy?"—*Derrick.*

MOTHER EVE was always a good little girl at school. She never went out without leaf.—PUCK. But Adam didn't care a fig.—*N. H. Register.* Because Eve made a bow before leaving.—*N. Y. Express.* She should have made a leaf before bough-ing.—*Meriden Recorder.*

HIS smile was bland, and his air mysterious, as he took the livery-man aside and asked for a kicking horse. He has just passed down the street in that wagon alone with his mother-in-law. We shall at once notify the coroner to be in readiness. Full particulars of the sad event in our next edition.—*Court Journal.*

GOVERNOR VAN ZANDT, it is said, will be General Burnside's successor in the United States Senate from "Little Rhody." We did not expect ever to do it again; but it seems proper to recognize the sympathy that exists between General Burnside and his sisters and his cousins and his Zandts.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THE mere pulling on of gloves is the only dressing which is at all excusable in the street. A man, for instance, should never stop to button an obstinate collar which has loosened at the back of his neck. It might corrupt the morals of all the society within hearing of his remarks on the subject.—*Chicago Ev. Journal.*

SHAKSPERE is likely to be reinstated in public favor. Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has been lecturing on him out in Detroit, and she implored her hearers "not to underrate the great genius because he had borrowed from the minds of others." We join our feeble voice to Abby's, and beg them not to. It would make him feel so mean, you know.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

INSCRIBED TO "OUR MODERN MERRY MEN."

A Miner named Griswold and a certain Goldsmith familiarly known as "Jay Charlton," were one evening Holden an animated conversation about the relative sizes of Brooks, creeks and rivers. "When Weaver younger," said Jay, "a creek was a big stream in our eyes, with its waters dancing in the sunlight, as clear as Chrystal." "Yes," responded his friend, "and once when I went to help my brother Danbury his little pet rabbit (that had tickled itself to death by eating a copy of Puck instead of a cabbage-leaf), we crossed a very pretty stream, and I thought I never saw anything Lukens so bright and sparkling. But let's change the subject, and talk about some of our old chums." "Agreed," said the Goldsmith. "Do you recollect the big time they had when Mr. Stevens of Mount Vernon Wade Whipple?" "Don't I! How can I ever forget it? By George! he had no Catlin his drove-yard that were much heavier, although Whipple had only put on one of his Coates for that *Express* occasion. Said he: 'You may try to play some Munkittrick on me, but I'd have to be Fuller than I am now before you'd succeed.' Oh, he was up to a Thwing or two, and though sometimes he Leidy never got into any court trouble but his neighbors would cheerfully Ray's all the Bailey needed. "B. Dadd," exclaimed Charlton, "you are right; but tell me, what's ever become of that Small chap, who used to hang around Wytheville? I see none of the Richmond papers *State* anything about him." "Oh, he's gone down to Atlanta to Harris a former acquaintance of mine, but whose strong *Constitution*, I think, will weather the attack, although he's lately been very Sweet on some San Antonio girls." "I don't care a *Ficayune*!" interrupted the Goldsmith, "but did you ever see Nat Burbank any of his money?" "One *Saturday Night* I did," replied Griswold. "He was with a man who had been Bagnall the hard-earned wages of a Turner's Falls Reporter and had made a Goodwin in Boston so the *Post* said; yet at the time I thought he'd have found a better Field in St. Louis." "But he might have met his Waterloo out there," suggested Jay. "That's so!" echoed Griswold, "and then he'd have been a veritable 'knight of the Rewey-full countenance.'" Here the discourse lagged, each Deming he had said enough, and that it was about time to Gowanda after fresh information. As they parted, Jay remarked: "Things seem to be getting rather Lewis around Detroit, and some fellow's *Sun* is in a Peck of trouble at Milwaukee 'Whitehall depends on the *Times*," replied Griswold. "Now, I know a runner for a Toledo *Commercial* agency who hasn't a single Burdette in six months." "I'll Bob out after that; you can't play your Riggs on me, nor throw any Stray Sand in my optics, my boy! I'm an old *Traveller*. Just ask Phillips Thompson"—and Charlton was gone [probably for a piece of P. I., as he cannot eat Bunner cake]. His friend Ralph says he's always Meeker after a pastry lunch. Out in Chicago they Wood call this a patched-up Storey, but then those people wouldn't even believe that our John's-son is a *Leader* of society in Wheeling or that a Minnesota *Lumberman*, after getting logged on Still-water, has sense enough to pay his Taylor bill. What Will. S. Reynolds, Crofut, Barnum, Lamont, Bayard, Gregory, Bierce, Brown, Prindle, Elliott, Chandlee, Carlisle, Trafton, Welles, Gillespie, Kennard, Pangborn, Stanton, Hatcher, Babbitt, Hart, Lampton, Leslie, Riley, Dexter Smith, Claude De Haven, "Seth Slicer," "Vandyke Brown," "Quipple Yarrow," "Derrick Dod," "Max Adeler," "Old Hurry-graph," "Nasby," "Major Jones" and "Leedle

Yawcob Strauss" say when they Dooley read this in the *Modern Argo*, *Fulton Times*, *Norristown Herald*, *Camden Post*, *Rochester Express*, *Syracuse Sunday Times*, *Danielsonville Sentinel*, *Boston Transcript*, *Lowell Courier*, *Catskill Recorder*, *Lockport Union*, *Salem Sunbeam*, *Bradford Breeze*, *Chronicle-Herald*, *Pulaski Democrat*, *Binghamton Republican*, *Baltimore Every Saturday*, *McGregor News* or *Keokuk Constitution*, and hunt it carefully through to see Watson inimitable or paper unapproachable has been omitted? [Whew! we are out of breath. Where's Evarts now?]

They will likely, and "by a large majority," agree to put the Beers on Kessinger, and all the blame on the broad shoulders of Erratic Enrique.—*New York News*.

JOAQUIN MILLER is making studies of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, with a view of dramatizing it.—*Exchange*.

THERE is a tender charm about a long summer day, a restful peace on the misty hills, a soft, maternal benison about the serene Indian summer; but for an ethereally beatific scene of nature, none of these can hold a candle to the expression of the modest young man who yesterday, for the first time, rolled, in a new buggy, his initial baby down-town.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

PUCK wants to know "what will be done with a Chinese baby born on board ship, if the full complement of fifteen is already on the list?" A Kearneyite would suggest that it be thrown overboard and "rocked in the cradle of the deep"—which would be less cruel than to be "rocked" to death by hoodlums upon reaching San Francisco.—*Norristown Herald*.

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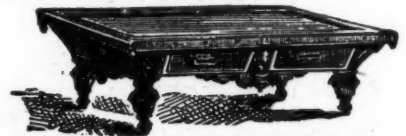
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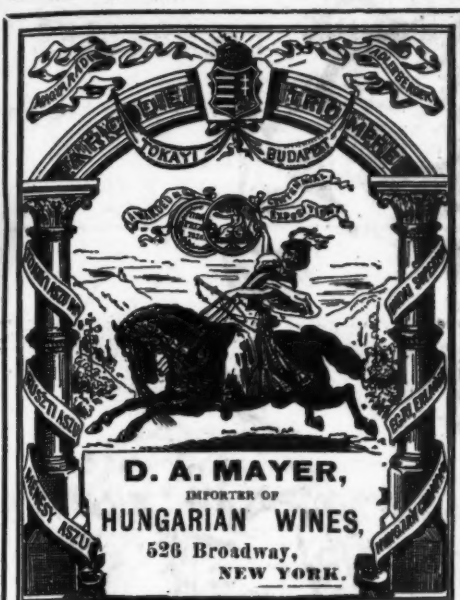
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L. DE VENOGES,
41 South William Street, New York.
GENERAL AGENT.
For Sale by all the Principal Wine Merchants and Grocers.

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HAMANN & KOCH.
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Pamphlet and Book Binder,
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Pamphlet binding of every description, and Pass books for banks a specialty.—Personal attention to everything entrusted to my care.

C. PFAFF'S RESTAURANT,
9 W. 24th St., near Broadway, N. Y.
Breakfast from 7 A. M. to 1 P. M. 50 cents.—Table d'hôte from 6-8 P. M. \$1.00, incl. 1/2 bottle wine.
Meals at all hours. Furnished rooms to let.

PATENT COVERS
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Price \$1.00.

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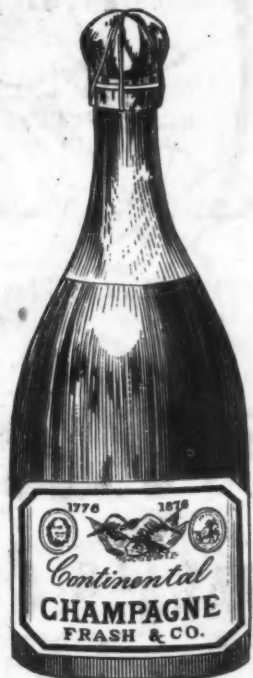
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Willmer & Rogers
NEWS COMPANY,
31 Beekman St., New York.

ENTRANCE TO
A. WERNER & CO'S Wine Store,
308 Broadway, New York.



"America" Extra Dry Champagne,
per Case, 12 Quarts, \$7; per Case, 24 Pints, \$8.

Champagne on Draught 10 Cts. a Glass.



At 10 Barclay St., near Astor House.
In Cases, Quarts \$7, Pints \$8, 1/2 Pints \$10, 1/4 Pints \$1.25 per Doz.
Minutaires In Cases 60 Cents.

No. 10 BARCLAY ST., N. Y.

"PIPER-HEIDSIECK" PIPER "SEC"



"PIPER-HEIDSIECK." We guarantee this medium dry wine to be superior in quality to any other CHAMPAGNE without regard to cost.

PIPER "SEC" is more adapted to the German and English taste; is without bitterness and acidity, and dryer than any wine imported. It leaves the most delicious after-taste on the palate.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA,
JOHN OSBORN, SON & CO.,

FOUNDED IN 1836,
45 Beaver Street, N. Y.
And 44 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

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A Splendid Opportunity To Win A Fortune.
THIRD GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS C,
At New Orleans, Tuesday, MARCH 11th, 1879, 100th
Monthly Drawing.

Louisiana State Lottery Co.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868, for the term of Twenty-five Years, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$350,000. Its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly on the second Tuesday. IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES. Look at the following Distribution:

Capital Prize, \$30,000.

100,000 Tickets At Two Dollars Each.

Half-Tickets, One Dollar.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize	\$30,000
1 Capital Prize	10,000
1 Capital Prize	5,000
2 Prizes of \$2,500	5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of 500	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
200 Prizes of 50	10,000
500 Prizes of 20	10,000
1000 Prizes of 10	10,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES:	
9 Approximation Prizes of \$300	2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200	1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100	900

1857 Prizes, amounting to.....\$110,400
Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid.

Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the Home Office in New Orleans.

Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or send orders to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, Louisiana,
or to **H. L. PLUM,** 319 Broadway, New York.

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD AND JUBAL A. EARLY.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY

Grand Extraordinary Drawing,

TO TAKE PLACE ON

TUESDAY, APRIL 8th, 1879.

\$2,250,000 DISTRIBUTED.

Capital Prize: One Million Dollars!!

Whole Tickets, \$200.; Halves, \$100.;

Quarters, \$50.; Fifths, \$40.;

Tenths, \$20.; Twentieths, \$10.; Fortieths, \$5.

For particulars address:

C. VIADERO & CO., Bankers,

No. 1 New Street, Basement, New York.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY

Grand Extraordinary Drawing.

which will take place April 8th, 1879.

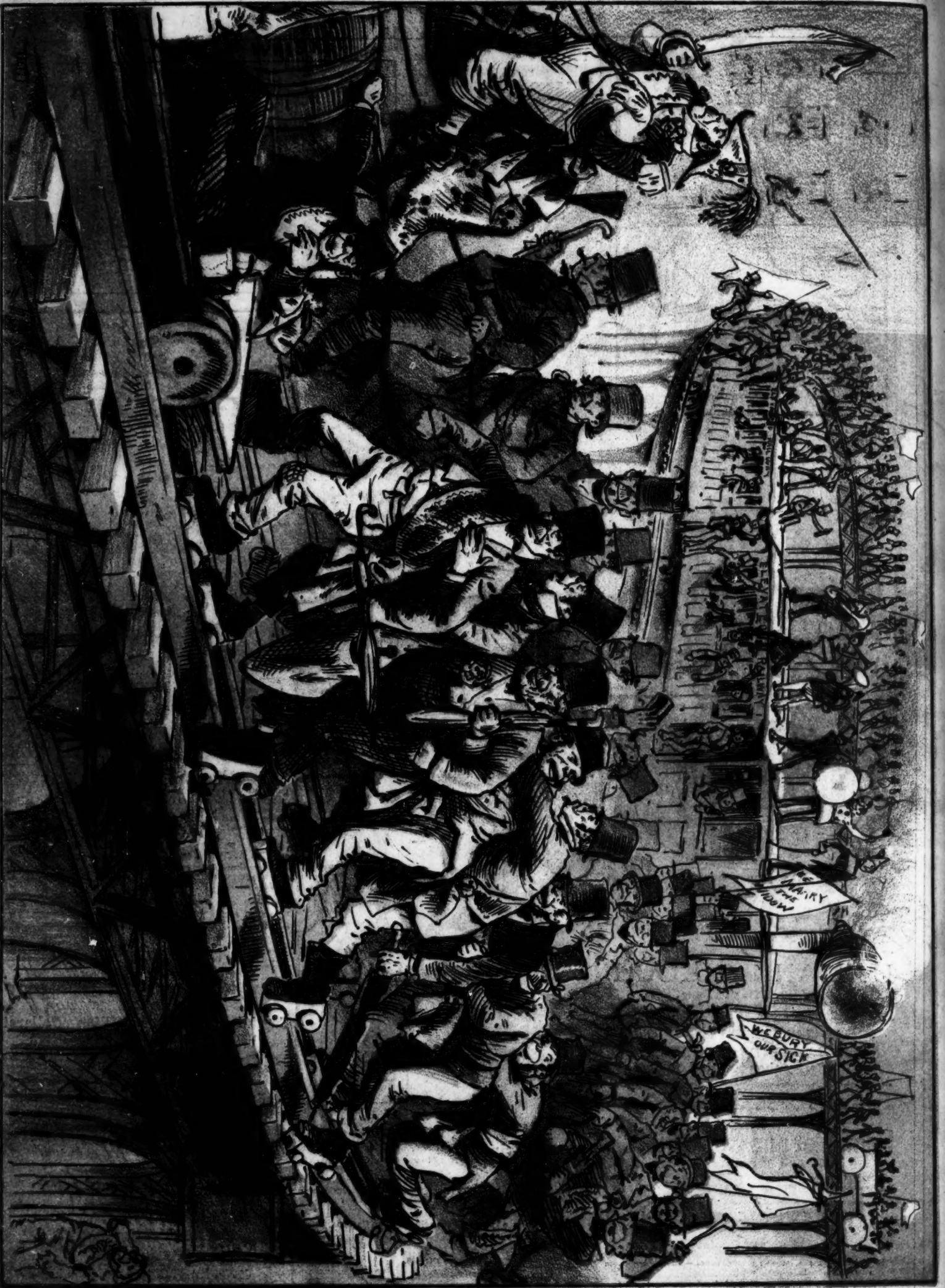
1 Grand Prize of 1,000,000 Pesos; 1 Grand Prize of 500,000 Pesos;
1 Grand Prize of 100,000 Pesos; 1 Grand Prize of 50,000 Pesos;
1 Grand Prize of 25,000 Pesos; 8 Prizes of 10,000 each—80,000 Pesos;
8 Prizes of 5,000 each—40,000 Pesos; 9 Approximations of 4,000 each—36,000 Pesos;
9 Approximations of 3,000 each—27,000 Pesos; 9 Approximations of 2,000 each—18,000 Pesos;
674 Approximation Prizes of 1,000—674,000 Pesos.

722 PRIZES.....\$250,000 PESOS.

For further particulars address

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19 Wall Street, New York.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE NEXT ST. PADDY'S DAY PARADE.
(When perhaps all Broadway won't have to shut up shop while *Eris* goes *Bragh*.)